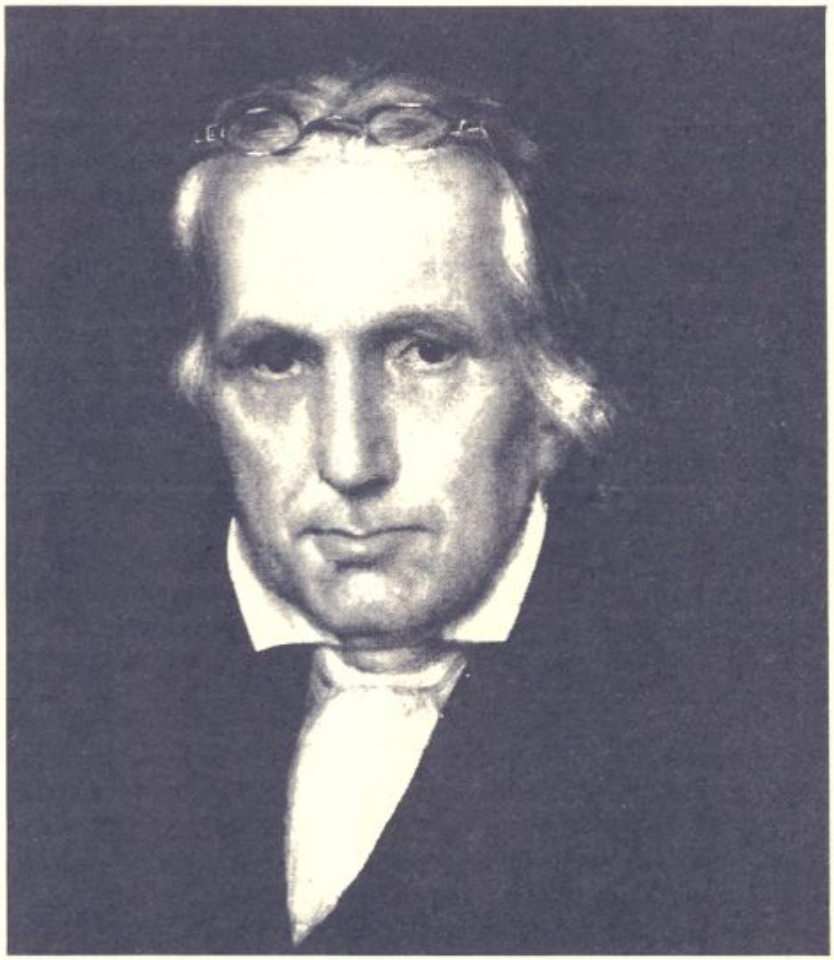
RESTORATION REVIEW



The church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one; consisting of all those in every place that profess their faith in Christ and obedience to him in all things according to the scriptures, and that manifest the same by their tempers and conduct.

—*Thomas Campbell*

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A Scriptural Call for Renewal . . .

DINING WITH CHRIST

Behold, I am standing at the door and knocking. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and will have my meal with him, and he with me. — Rev. 3:20

In our treatment of the theme "Renewal through Recovery" it is our plan to select certain key passages that sound the call for renewal and study these with some depth. The series will run for all of 1969, through the whole of this volume, giving us opportunity to deal with quite a number of passages.

The scriptures are selected with the idea that renewal in our time must begin with personal consecration and devotion. We are not to be judged by our institutional relationships. Congregations as such will be neither saved or lost. We go to heaven or hell one by one, not in the aggregate, and certainly not on the ground of being in the right church. It is one's relationship to the Christ that counts, and that is all that counts. If one is right with Christ, all other relationships will be in the right perspective. He will knowingly do nothing wrong. It is inconceivable to me that any eternal harm can befall a man who is devoted to Christ and is giving his all to please Him.

Perhaps he has not yet been baptized aright. He may not yet be officially or completely a Christian. He may even be in the wrong church (and which is *the right church?*). He may be wrong about a lot of points of doctrine. Still it is contrary to the nature of religion and the goodness of God to conceive of any man as lost in hell who lives a life of devotion to Christ.

On the other hand it is indeed risky to judge a man's righteousness by his church membership. Or by how right he is doctrinally. Or by how faithful he is to institutional religion. One may be among the best of church members and yet far from Christ. "If any man be in Christ . . ." refers to far more than being immersed. It refers to a relationship that is deep and real. Christ is both friend and Lord. He lives within. It is well illustrated by the communal meal referred to in the passage we have selected. The idea of dining with Christ may sound a bit farfetched. Yet it is not only scriptural but an experience that can become real to every believer.

There is something about eating together that is conducive to the closest of relationship. I recall a box-dinner night at a small country school when I was a small lad. There was a Becky Thatcher-type girl that I had a crush on, though no one knew it but me. I felt too inferior to make the slightest overture, except that on box-dinner night I managed to draw her name and buy her box. That meant we would eat it together! Just the two of

us! I cannot recall that this led to anything significant, but dining with "Becky Thatcher" was an unforgettable experience.

Is it going too far to say that the Christ wishes to share a box-dinner with us? Just the two of us, talking and sharing together. He is the knocking Christ, standing there, beckoning for entrance. To admit Him we must love Him. When we *want* Him near, He will draw nigh. He will knock, but He will not force His way. The thought of dining with Christ, not just once but throughout the banquet of life, seems too wonderful to contemplate.

While I have dined with very few famous people, I have shared meals with many wonderful people, and these are among my most satisfying experiences. As one of a group I once had tea with Chiang Kai Shek, president of the Republic of China, which was indeed a thrill and with lots of protocol. I have dined privately with university presidents, deans, scholars, poets. To sit and talk with Paul Tillich, William Barclay, Nels Ferre, Henry Cadbury, and Harry and Bonara Overstreet has been thrilling. Even more important are those private moments with thousands of wonderful friends in Christ all over this nation and the world.

Most of us know little about the world of the rich and famous. It must be most satisfying to dine with the kings and queens of earth—with Queen Elizabeth at Westminister Abbey and with the President in the White House. Should such an invitation be mine, I probably would not be able to think about anything else until it became a reality. My pride would overwhelm me. I would want everyone to know. Imagine what big talk it would be to say, "I'll be leaving tomorrow for London for a private dinner with the queen, and on my return I'll be a guest at the White House and have lunch with the President." Anyone who would be gallivanting around like that would be a big shot sure enough.

I have been a guest in the home of a rich man only once, who happened also to be a brother in the Lord. He lived in a castle, and it was so imposing that once I arrived I could not distinguish the front door from the back door. There were many doors. I guessed at it and was received by a maid in the kitchen or one of the kitchens. The man's garage was as large as many homes, and the grounds surrounding the place were like a park. The brother lived there alone, with maids and housekeepers attending him. When we dined in the small dining room, two maids attended us, one for him and one for me! We conversed in one living room one time and another the next, avoiding the larger ones because of their size. There were 40 rooms in all, some of which were massive in size. In leading me to my private room and bath, designed in matching marble, we passed 6 or 8 bedrooms. Indeed, I was among the rich. The brother's most burdensome problem was how to give away his millions wisely. He learned along the way that our people were willing to overlook things like instrumental music in order to enjoy his fellowship and his money. That is one way to solve the problem of brethren disfellowshiping each other. Make all the digressives rich!

Our folk can be very loving and brotherly even to those “in error” when they happen to be rich.

But all this, whether kings or presidents or the rich, means nothing at all in comparison to the experience that awaits the believer who is willing to answer the knock of the Christ at the door of his heart.

The scholars point out that the word for *meal* (or *sup* in the *King James*) in this passage is a very significant Greek term. The Greeks had separate words for the different meals, just as we do in breakfast, lunch and dinner. Their breakfast was a light meal, usually only bread dipped in wine. The noon meal was also light, being only a sack lunch. But the *deipnon* was the main meal of the day. In the evening the family would gather and talk, lingering long at the table. This was the word Jesus used when he spoke of having a meal with us. It is unhurried, quiet, nourishing, intimate.

Lingering with Christ in peaceful communion. This is the picture. The *how* of this kind of experience has no easy prescription. It is not something one turns off and on at will. It is a kind of life, *life in the Son,* that comes through a surrender of self. It is a matter of cultivation, with the Holy Spirit, as a heavenly guest residing within us, serving as the gardener. Love, peace, joy—the menu in a communal meal with Christ are the fruit of the Spirit, not our work. We don’t dine with Christ by trying harder to be spiritual, but through *yielding* of our will to His.

We dine with Christ by feasting upon His word, by relating the Scriptures to our deepest needs. We dine with Him by taking Him unto ourselves and sharing our most intimate problems. We dine with Him in meditation upon His goodness, purity and gentleness, by desiring to be like Him, by praising His name, and exulting in His magnificence.

A psychiatrist once advised a Christian patient to behave as if Christ were his constant companion. The patient lived alone. “When you prepare breakfast,” the psychiatrist said, “set a place for Jesus. Talk to him during the meal.” He suggested that as he walked the street he should think of Jesus being at his side. “Talk with Him all along through the day as you would a constant companion. Include the small talk about weather and all the rest,” he advised. He wanted the patient to act as if Jesus were physically present, and so he was to talk to Him aloud, wait for Him at an open door or at the elevator, and all that.

It sounds like a strange prescription, but this gets close to what our passage is suggesting. The prescription worked for the patient, restoring his mental health. What power would it bring into our lives if we arose each morning with a sense of the presence of Christ! If we could feel Him at our side at the factory, in the classroom, at the hospital. The idea of “Pray at all times in the Spirit” (Eph. 6:18) probably has reference to this continual communion with the Lord rather than to tongue-speaking. The indwelling Spirit makes possible a personal relationship with Jesus that is like an unending prayer.

The apostle Paul experienced this, for we find him saying, “For me to live is Christ.” Renewal begins here, in our own hearts.—*the Editor*

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THE UNDERGROUND CHURCH OF CHRIST

That a substantial number of Christians in various parts of the world have gone underground in their efforts to bear witness to their faith is a generally known fact. Thousands of them are behind the Iron Curtain, risking their lives in carrying on illegal religious activity. A recent book, *God’s Smuggler,* is a thrilling account of how thousands of Bibles have been smuggled into countries where it is unlawful for them to circulate.

A recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* has an article entitled “The Underground Church,” which is principally a report of an underground movement among Roman Catholics. The article claims that there are some 2,000 to 3,000 underground groups now at work in the United States, including 30 in Los Angeles and dozens in Chicago. These are gatherings outside of, and usually without the blessings of or even the knowledge of, the institutional church. Young priests, dressed in sport clothes, serve Mass in hotel rooms and private homes, substituting breakfast rolls for unleavened bread. The services are private in that they are not announced and illegal in that they violate canon law, and they take the form of mutual ministry, with the priest and parishoners engaging in dialogue on current issues.

It is sufficiently extensive among the Protestants as to cause Malcolm Boyd to write a book on *The Underground Church,* in which he explains the movement as an effort to make the church “a community of servant-hood in the midst of the world’s concerns.” He says it is because the established church has been content to be “the chaplain of the *status quo*” that the underground church has emerged. He sees it as a rebellion against a labyrinth of manmade legalisms and an institution that cannot be questioned.

Even with this going on around us, we of the Churches of Christ may still be surprised to learn that it is happening among us too. For the most part it is still a subtle and unstructured development, and yet it has the essential features (plus a few others) of other underground movements.

Much of it is yet in its embryonic stage, taking the form of cell groups within well-established congregations. It is in prayer and study groups that the underground is emerging. In many of the larger congregations there is cellular activity, which forms more or less spontaneously, which becomes what may be called a second church. It is usually a case of the more concerned, more spiritual ones being drawn together by their common interests. The minister himself is sometimes involved, being a rather *status quo* preacher in

the pulpit, but a deeper, freer, more daring individual within the cells. The underground members understand that he can go only so far, and they excuse his mainline orthodoxy in the pulpit on the grounds that if he went too far he would only destroy his chances to liberate the congregation.

Underground elements are as prevalent in some Sunday School classes as anywhere. These are often independent cells within a huge congregation, enjoying a freedom that enables them to do surprising things, such as reading from *Restoration Review* and debating the issues raised in *Voices of Concern.* There have been denunciations of Church of Christism and a call for renewal in these Sunday School classes that would rival what any of us have been saying. Occasionally the preacher has a rather select group, an underground element, in one of these classes, at which time he is so different from the man who occupies the pulpit that people might suppose they have two different ministers. Somehow he gets by with saying unorthodox things in the class that he could never say in the pulpit and keep his job. Either the cell doesn't tell on him or there is something about a room in the southeast corner of the basement that allows for more equivocation than does the sacred desk in the auditorium. If a man is given to relatives, he knows to forget them and to speak in absolutes when he enters a Church of Christ pulpit.

It may be a psychological oddity, but it seems that the farther one is from the pulpit the more latitude he has. This is why our best ministry may be on an outing with the young people or a gathering in a home. We even show more courtesy and brotherliness in such environments. Dialogue with premills or Christian Church folk comes more easily when we escape from our real estate. Many a time have I been with preaching brethren in private meetings who tendered to me a most loving and cordial reception, only to see them become a Mr. Hyde towards me once we reached the Holy of Holies.

Campus Evangelism

One important expression of the underground Church of Christ is the Campus Evangelism, conducted by the Lubbock Church of Christ. While its efforts are directed toward winning the college campus, which it will not even begin to do until it becomes less Church of Christlike, it is enjoying success in winning and holding many of the youth of the Church of Christ. No less than 12,000 of them assembled in Dallas recently, and one can be sure that not even a tithing of that number would have showed up if the program was to be what can be expected in the typical services of a Church of Christ.

It is amazing how different these meetings can be from the usual programs. The Dallas gatherings (there have been two now) were hardly recognizable as of Church of Christ origin. They are less Church of Christlike than Baptist youth gatherings are unlike the Baptists. Even when an occasional representative of the Old Guard is on the program he manages to move out at least to the borders of the frontier in what he has to say. For the

most part the whole works is in the hands of the young princes, who allow only enough orthodoxy to keep the show going. This of course is the wisdom of the underground.

One misses the real spirit that is at work in the Campus Evangelism thing if he fails to talk with the kids themselves. They are of course born and bred Church of Christers, all of them, but they are so different from mainline thinking that it sometimes startles even me. One rather sophisticated lad from Tennessee volunteered to give me the lowdown on the congregations in the brotherhood that are free and have the new look. Though only a student he was in on the know, and he quickly named about an the unorthodox churches that I knew about, adding one or two that were new to me. Interestingly enough, Broadway in Lubbock, the sponsors of the seminar, was not one of them. Even so the Lubbock brethren are to be commended for arranging such meetings. One only needs to interview the participants to see what kind of people we will be tomorrow, due in part to the efforts of Lubbock today in keeping our young people from running off. The seminars give them hope that it will someday be different from the way it is in Nashville, Oklahoma City, Dallas, . . . and Lubbock.

When the historians of tomorrow are evaluating what is now happening to us today, searching for the elements that graduated us from obscurantism, the Hilton Hotel will surely get some of the credit. At the Hilton one could hear the radiant voices of thousands of youth, singing new songs of Zion even as they crowded into the corridors, preparing for an afternoon of witnessing for Christ. The eagerness, the urgency, the things that were said, the new look, they were all magnificent. Anyone who has had to listen to the old bromides of the Church of Christ radio preachers in Dallas, or someone who for years has been a good sport and gone along to church with a wife who never misses even a Wednesday night, could nor have possibly recognized the hotel church as the Church of Christ that he has known all these years.

What transpired at the hotel could not have happened in our Dallas churches, and this is significant. It is characteristic of the underground to escape the atmosphere where the *status quo* is preserved. Like the rebel Roman priests, our young princes also take their ministry to the hotels. Others go to the ghettoes, the campuses, private homes, and to counseling groups.

The Dangerous Underground

All that we have reviewed thus far is surely on the positive side. Ir is a report on some of our most spiritual people who are moving underground for the sake of renewing the church instead of leaving it to rot in sectarianism. We do not imply by *underground* that there is anything ulterior, and certainly nothing divisive. It is simply the only thing that concerned people can do who choose to stay rather than leave. They have to become cells

or movements on the periphery of orthodoxy in order to wage peace from within. Like paratroopers they drop down behind the lines in order to infiltrate for Christ's sake.

Because of this any underground effort *tends* to be exclusive and secretive, if not surreptitious. There is an "ingroup" that doesn't reveal all it knows. Its meetings are somewhat controlled, either by charging a fee or by age restriction or by not advertising. The underground works well *by invitation only.*

At the same time as the seminar for the Campus Evangelism there was a "Holy Spirit retreat" in Dallas, and it is this that I refer to as *the dangerous underground.* I do not intend this as an unloving epithet, for my interest in this retreat is confirmed by the fact that I helped them to find a meeting place, which turned out to be Wynnewood Chapel. The elders had reservations about such a meeting being held there, but believing as they do in free Christian debate and expression they decided to allow the use of the chapel without actually sponsoring it.

What happened is surely the beginning of a new chapter in our history, and how that chapter ends will depend on how we all react to what is going on.

The retreat was not a public meeting, but by invitation. They were there from all across the United States and from one foreign country, upwards of 100 in all, and nearly all of them were Church of Christ folk. Some had left us, others had been driven away; some had occupied pulpits in well-known congregations. Some had served on our college faculties, others were or had been elders, writers, song leaders. A few were bearded and dressed like hippies, but mainly they were sophisticated, affluent people who were willing to fly across the country at their own expense to share in a festivity of the Holy Spirit. It turned out to be the most unique Church of Christ meeting that I have ever attended.

Most of them already knew each other or had heard of one another, and the one thing they all had in common was a quest for things of the Spirit. Many of them were known to have the gift of tongues, some the gift of healing, others the gift of prophecy. They believe that the gifts listed in 1 Cor. 12 are as much for the church today as ever. All of them had stories to tell of what has happened to them in the Church of Christ. A brother from California related at length how his elders assigned him a research project on the Holy Spirit in order to combat some of the false teaching going on in their community, and how he studied his way to a belief in the gifts of the Spirit for our time, and how he was consequently fired. At that time he was the highest paid minister in the Churches of Christ in his part of the state. He turned to "secular work" in order to support his family and be true to his convictions. He told how, as he was pouring himself some coffee one day, he was singing a spiritual song only to realize suddenly that it was not in the usual English words, but in a tongue!

A brother from a prominent Church of Christ, who was recently an elder, told of his ministry of healing through prayer, and privately he related to me how he (and others) had driven a demon from his own daughter. It was evident that his emergence into the world of the Holy Spirit had completely transformed his life. He was as kind and gentle as any man I've ever met, certainly manifesting the fruits listed in Gal. 5 if not the gifts of 1 Cor. 12.

The testimonies were long but not boring. The meetings were endless, going well past midnight, and even then only fading out instead of stopping. Coffee breaks were love feasts, with brotherly love manifested with an exuberance that was almost unbelievable. There was a black sister there, real black, who was showered with enough love to have avoided the Civil War had it come a few generations sooner. I am not referring to mere outward expressions, such as handshaking and embracing, though there was a lot of that, but to a *feeling* of brotherhood, a real communion of the saints, that pervaded the atmosphere.

Two professors who were dismissed from one of our Christian colleges were there. Robert Meyers told the story sometime back in this journal, but mentioned no names and did not identify the college, so I will not do so here. They both revealed depth of character and sincerity of conviction. I had been eager to meet them and was not disappointed, for I found them to be men who understood why they had done what they did, and they could give a responsible witness for their action. If I understand correctly, they have not left *us*, which indicates, considering the way they were treated, a forbearance all too rare these days. One of them had been on the faculty for 8 or 9 years, but was dismissed when he confessed to believing as the other one, all without due academic process.

These professors, along with dynamic young college men and seminarians (a number being from ACC), presented "the Pentecostal message" warmly and effectively. One might wonder what uniqueness a Church of Christ pentecostalism would have, for these people have reached their position through their own study and experience with only minimum contact with Pentecostal churches, if any at all. Church of Christ pentecostals are quieter, more Bible conscious, more sophisticated, and not as brusquely emotional as those in Pentecostal churches. This may be due to their social status as much as to their doctrinal background in the Church of Christ. They are like the Pentecostals in that their lives now have a "consciousness of the Holy Spirit" that overshadows all else. The Holy Spirit, with his gifts and functions, is the end of all religious experience.

The retreat in Dallas was marked by much prayer, praise, counseling, and personal testimony. Classrooms were used for more intimate prayer groups. Almost continually, even when someone was speaking, small groups would move back and forth from these candle-lit rooms. Oftentimes one who was "seeking" would be prayed for, along with the laying on of hands, that he might receive the Holy Spirit. One such brother explained to

me, in typical Church of Christ fashion, that he had decided to take Luke 11:13 for what it said.

The Lord's Table was kept prepared throughout the retreat, dressed with a candle as well as goblets of wine. Like the prayer cubicles, the Supper was also entered into spontaneously, with one free to go forward at anytime and partake. Two or three would go at a time, kneel around the Table and break bread together. At one point in the retreat there was a communion service in which they all participated together, other than the one on Lord's Day.

To my surprise there were but a few instances of tongue-speaking, the same brother each time, a seminarian. His words were interpreted each time by another young brother. That fits the order in 1 Cor. 14, they would say. One speaks in a tongue, another interprets the tongue so that the others might be edified. This is of course a bold claim for our time, that on such occasions there is direct communication going on between God and man. One would suppose that if and when this were the case that the revelation given would be especially significant, which in these instances it did not appear to be. They sounded like paraphrases from some psalm about peace, which is well enough of course, but if God speaks to his church today through such phenomena I would expect something weighty and relevant.

They did things in this retreat in their adoration of the Lord that would be embarrassing to most of us. They lifted up holy hands in prayer, praising God with the whole of their being. They wept tears of joy as they sang and praised his name. They cried "Praise the Lord" with an enthusiasm that most of us can muster only when watching a Cowboy football game.

I found myself deeply gratified with these signs of spiritual revival within our own Church of Christ ranks. To see people who have long been discouraged by an inert religion praising God with tears streaming from dosed eyes, hands lifted heavenward with palms extended upward as if to receive His grace, and singing hymns in choked voices that previously had little meaning to them—I say, to see this is to believe that here are great resources of power for a spiritual renewal that we must have if we are to survive.

Exorcism

The most amazing part of the retreat was the driving out of demons. This was led by a sister who had impressed me as a most remarkable woman, a responsible Christian eager to help others in their spiritual growth. But on this occasion she both disturbed and frightened me. She was dressed like a priestess of the Buddha, with her decorative kimono reaching to her shoeless feet. After a sermon on the crossing of the Red Sea, she proceeded to tell us that she had talked to God that day as she knelt there (pointing to the Lord's Table) and she had learned that some of us had demons. Moreover if we did not yield our

wills to His and allow His power to dispose of them, that she was going to expose us for what we were. She was of an upbraiding attitude, a perfect semblance of a scolding wife, a role I could not have previously assigned to her. Her words snapped with fire as she told us she'd call names, if need be, in order to expose the demons.

This is when I got scared, for as I looked over this group of deeply devoted Christians who were spending their holidays praising God, I figured that the demons were all taking refuge in me. And that is what a lot of brethren have been saying about me all these years. Then too I had some misgivings about some of the things going on in the retreat, along with my appreciation for so much of it. So I braced myself for a dressing down that only a woman can give. I only wondered what demon she would exorcize first.

Already she had told us that we were to see a miracle, something approaching to the wonder of the Red Sea. We were to see the power of God demonstrated in that Chapel in such a way that we would be as amazed as were the Israelites. When she said this, a responsible man sitting behind me, long years one of our respected ministers, closed his eyes and began to praise God for what was to transpire, saying over and over "Thank God, thank God."

By then I hardly knew what to expect. I was too curious to leave and too scared to stay. Surely she wasn't going to put the Chapel into orbit, but I was prepared for almost any thing. I will admit to some praying on my own part, but it was drastically different from the good brother sitting behind me.

She urged all those who wanted to place themselves before the Lord, or some such words, to do so. Nearly everyone in the room went to the front and kneeled around her, praying to the Lord. After awhile she began to exorcize the demons, talking to them as one would a dog. "Get out of here in the name of Jesus Christ," she would say with snarled lips, as she addressed the demon of self. She upbraided other demons in the same language, such as demon of self-will and demon of pride. No one cried out nor did any demon go screaming out the aisle. And the demons within me quieted down to their normal leisure. The session trailed out into an extended prayer and soul-searching period, with some of those at the altar remaining a long time.

But the dear sister had put on a demonstration the like of which I had never expected to see among our people. The whole experience jarred me as a glaring inconsistency to all that had gone before. She was exorcizing demons from the ones who had for days been manifesting the power of the Holy Spirit. Do you drive demons from folk who are baptized of the Holy Spirit? In the scriptures the demons were in control of the persons they inhabited, but this sister was driving demons from folk whose lives are controlled by the Holy Spirit.

This part of the retreat left me disturbed, for there was evidence of the willingness, at least on the part of some, to supplant the gospel message with the exorcizing of demons. One of the young men had brought his sinful, drinking father to this particular service, hopeful no doubt that his demons would be expelled. Knowing the man as I did, I welcomed him earlier in the evening, doing all I could to make him comfortable among strangers. Later when the sister put on her performance, threatening to call names if necessary, the man walked out into the night alone, taking with him such demons as he may have had.

I suffered as I saw him leave, knowing something of his problem, and I figured then that that will be his last visit with us. Let us speak tenderly of Christ to men who need to be made well. Never mind about their demons. When they are brought to Christ they have access to the fount of every blessing.

This is one reason why I call this element among us the *dangerous* underground, recognizing full well that there is much to be commended. It is dangerous because it is working with such terrible explosives.

It was my pleasure to address this underground group when they were guests of Wynnewood Chapel on the Sunday morning they were in Dallas, just as their retreat got underway. I could sincerely express hope for what the Holy Spirit movement might do for the Church of Christ, and yet I went on to name three hazards that must be guarded against. The foremost danger is that the movement will become another sect. I observed that this has been the story of Spirit movements throughout history, from the Montanists to the Moravians. They all end up as another sect. I explained that in our unity efforts the same charge was being made, that we'll build another sect instead of uniting the divided church. I showed that this charge will prove to be false, for we cannot build a "unity party" so long as we do not try to get people to leave where they are and join us. To the contrary we encourage them to remain where they are and work for peace and brotherhood there. I challenged them to find similar safeguards against their own efforts crystallizing in just another party.

I saw several sect-forming signs. One was an announcement that some Spirit-filled family was to move to Dallas, and they were asking, "Is there anyone in Dallas?" Part of what this meant may be all right, but there's part of it that is very dangerous indeed and it alarms me. I saw it too in the subtle use on the part of some of the words *they* and *us.* One is not quite *in,* perhaps, if he has not had certain experiences.

Making It Too Easy

The second danger I referred to was that of oversimplification in the movement's approach to personal problems. It is risky to suppose that a Negro with a Molotov cocktail can be made into a responsible Christian by getting him to speak in tongues, or that a

person with serious emotional illness can be made whole by laying hands on him. Christian maturation comes slowly and often with great difficulty. A shortcut by way of the charismatic could prove disillusioning.

If they were not careful, I urged, they would succeed only in stirring up a great brush fire, the enthusiasm of which will glow for a time, only to fade as people discover that their problems are still with them. A log fire of thick oak is what is needed, but it is harder to start and burns more slowly. But it burns through and through and on and on, giving warmth to the entire house. This must be the role of the Spirit movement. Let it fire the kindling of God, which is all of us, that the oaken logs of his kingdom will burn warmly and brightly, and not be a flash fire out in the back yard that flares and fizzles out.

But if the kindling sets fire to the logs, it must be nestled among the logs, not scattered here and there. I urged them to remain with their congregations, for it is here that they are most needed. The church must be reformed from within, and if we do it from within we must be *in.* Don't leave!

Assumption of Superiority

The third danger I pointed to was the temptation to presume oneself to have attained a special status in the kingdom of God while relegating all others to second-class citizenship. We must not suppose that our own experiences are qualitatively better than those of others simply because ours appear more dazzling. Tongue-speaking must surely be a thrilling experience, allowing for deep and meaningful devotion. So with the gift of prophecy or the gift of healing, assuming that these are indeed part of the Christian's arsenal for this age. Still the brother whose experience is not in this direction at all, but in a peaceful relationship with Jesus Christ that no tongue on earth could make any sweeter than it already is, may be every whit as glorious as anything experienced in the whole charismatic world. We must not suppose that everyone must have the same Damascus. My road may blaze with fire, but my brother's may be paved with gold. Neither is to judge his as superior to the other.

Some readers may suppose that I am making too much of all this, that it is an overstatement to speak of a Holy Spirit movement among Churches of Christ, one that could easily solidify into a sect. This being the case my only recourse is to alarm you. Is it not significant that an ACC graduate, and a delightful Christian gentlemen he is indeed, could send notices to *some* of his Spirit-filled friends of a retreat in Dallas and get a hundred of them to come from all over the country during the busiest season of the year?

One of the participants, for many years one of our preachers, told me that he could *name* hundreds of these Spirit-filled people that are presently in the Church of Christ, meeting in the underground all over the country.

It is a movement all right, and I am telling you here that it is the most significant development in our history as a brotherhood. All the aspects of the underground Church of Christ that I have discussed are interrelated. It is one movement. The simultaneous Dallas seminar and retreat well illustrates this. I bounced back and forth among the two to learn that there was mutual awareness and mutual interest. A number visited each other. One night at the hotel a young brother from the retreat led a discussion on things of the Spirit all night long!

I trust I have made it clear that I am greatly encouraged by these underground activities as a whole, despite some misgivings I have as to what might happen. Anything that is capable of great power is also capable of blowing up in our faces, whether it be atomic energy or a Spirit-filled youth movement.

So it is with a tempered optimism that I view the scene. As I drove back and forth in Dallas, from seminar to retreat, passing those symbols of Church of Christ orthodoxy in between, I reminded myself that *all* of these people are my brothers in Christ, and as to what becomes of them all will depend a great deal on how we now react to the changing times.

One thing is sure. The underground church has moved out ahead of the rest, underground yes, but ahead nonetheless. Never, never will it return to the doldrums of institutionalism. The only question is whether the rest of us are Christian enough to cultivate the kind of brotherhood that makes room for all those who are in Christ, whether hippie, beatnik, sycophant, prince, rebel or sophist.

We must lovingly accept the underground and even encourage it. Allow that Sunday School class to be far out if they must be; encourage them to read all the stuff and debate all the issues. Permit cell groups to multiply and filter out into more and more homes. Sympathize with the youth in their rebellion; listen to them. Encourage the retreats and seminars, and let the Old Guard keep its distance. Allow place and opportunity for our charismatic folk to express themselves and be with each other, and forbid not the speaking in tongues (1 Cor. 14:39). This would not have to be in our assemblies, but in their own cells, but still within the context of our love and understanding, even if not with our full approval.

We must not alienate, for this is sin. We must not be fearful of each other, and we must seek to understand where there *is* obscurity. We must see the church, not as a community of sameness, but as a family united in diversity. We should be able to explain to our neighbors with a sense of satisfaction, “Oh, yes, we have charismatics in our congregation, several who speak in tongues and others who prophesy. They are very careful not to impose on those of us who are not of this persuasion, and we in turn allow for meetings where they take the initiative and enjoy their gifts, while we sit in and try to understand *it* all a little better.”

This is the Christian response. Anything else will divide and fracture. The institutional church is going to remain orthodox for years to come, with changes coming slowly. But even now, while *it* makes no radical change, it can allow underground activity within its own embrace. It doesn't hurt too badly when others are in front of us *if they are underground.* They in turn are willing to remain a part of us in that they are allowed to grow and move and be different. So they move ahead underground while we trail behind at rather ground level orthodoxy. But with this arrangement the underground always leaves and enters through the institutional church, thus avoiding segments and parties.

Then, who knows, but after awhile there'll be no underground at all, for differences between us all will grow less and less important, making underground activity unnecessary. The institutional church will by then be transformed, partly because of the underground, and we will all be the family of God together, with grace so abounding that differences will only serve as guideposts as to whom needs to be loved the most.—*the Editor*

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"Declaration and Address": Mandate for Renewal . . .

THE BACKGROUND TO THE "DECLARATION AND ADDRESS"

The year 1809 was an uneasy time for the youthful United States. George Washington had been dead only ten years. Thomas Jefferson retired from the presidency that year, declaring: "Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power." Both France and England were giving the United States trouble on the high seas, and Congress had declared the Embargo Act in an effort to put pressure on her enemies. American ports were closed to foreign ships and exports fell from $108 million in 1807 to only $22 million in 1808. The Embargo did not work, but only added to the woes of a young nation.

It was the year that James Madison became the country's fourth president, but only with difficulty and much protest. He wanted peace, but the nation wanted war. Napoleon was ravaging Europe. England, in need of both men and goods, captured seaman from American ships. The War of 1812 was imminent.

Thomas Campbell arrived in Philadelphia in May, 1807, after a voyage of 35 days from Londonderry, Ireland. It was only a month before the British warship *Leopold* fired on the American frigate *Chesapeake* just off the coast of Virginia. The country, then a nation of but ten million, was enraged. War fever swept the country. But Jefferson would not be

pressured. He delayed war by keeping cool. “If nations go to war for every degree of injury, there would never be peace on earth,” he told the country.

Mr. Campbell had left his family in Ireland. He was to explore the New World as a possible home for them. If he prospered in his venture, he would send for them; if not, he would return to Ireland. His son, Alexander, influenced his decision to make the journey by revealing to his father that he himself planned to migrate to America when he came of age.

It so happened that the Seceder Synod of the Presbyterian Church was in session in Philadelphia when Mr. Campbell arrived there. He presented his credentials to them and was assigned to the Presbytery of Chartiers in western Pennsylvania. He moved out into the American frontier, settling in Washington, Pennsylvania, where he had a number of friends who had also emigrated from Ireland.

The Seceder Presbyterians were few in number in frontier America. It was Mr. Campbell’s task to minister to the scattered faithful in a sparsely settled wilderness. He was soon popular with the people, and was respected for his ability as well as for his *piety.* He was regarded as the most learned and talented preacher in their ranks. Due to some changes that had for years been taking place in his own thinking, Mr. Campbell found it increasingly difficult to be as sectarian as his job required of him. Belonging as he did to the strictest sect of the Presbyterians, he was required to limit his ministrations, not only to Presbyterians, but to *Seceder* Presbyterians. He could not even serve the Lord’s Supper to other Presbyterians, much less to believers generally. But he did not follow this strict rule. To the contrary he was then about as liberal in his views of fellowship as he ever became, and he ministered to all believers alike, whether Seceder Presbyterian or not.

He soon found himself in trouble with the clergy. Some of those who accompanied him in his travels told on him. Other spied on his meetings to see what he was up to, taking notes on all he said. The only reason they didn’t bring tape recorders in was that they had not yet been invented. His “heresy” was pronounced insofar as his fellow clergy was concerned, for he not only served the Supper to all believers who were disposed to partake of it, but he prefaced this with lamentations over the ugly divisions among Christians.

The Presbytery soon had him on the carpet, asking him all Sorts of questions about his private views. It was here that he spoke in favor of the Bible as the only standard of faith and practice, insisting that he had done nothing contrary to the scared writings. Yet he was conciliatory, doing all in his power to preserve peace with his Seceder brethren. He had no intention of leaving them. He was, however, censured for not abiding by the Seceder way of doing things.

His case was taken to a higher court, the Synod, which removed the censure that had been inflicted by the Presbytery, leading Mr. Campbell to suppose that he would henceforth be free to minister among the people without interference. In this he was

wrong, for the clergy would not cease in their attacks until they had ruined him. They were in constant pursuit of fresh evidence against him. The spirit was bitter and vindictive, despite Mr. Campbell's efforts to preserve peace.

He at last decided that he should withdraw himself from the Seceders, convinced as he was that they had no interest at all in healing the religious dissensions of the time. He accordingly submitted to the Synod a formal renunciation of its authority, withdrawing himself completely from it. He was now on his own, bound only to the Lord and His Word, which he was advocating as the only basis for authority in religion.

He kept right on with his work, preaching along the frontier as before, but there was an important difference. He was now free to work for the unity among Christians as he had long desired to do. As he spoke of unity and fellowship, inviting people to look to the Bible only as the rule of faith and practice, he found himself with a following. He spoke to large crowds under shade trees and in private homes. No church was his home. Christian unity became his theme. He had himself a movement. The Restoration Movement was born, insofar as the Campbell part of it was concerned.

He started having a different kind of meeting, first in the home of Abraham Altars, near Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania. They were organizational meetings, and soon "The Christian Association of Washington" was born. It was August 17, 1809. If one should attempt to give an exact date for the beginning of the Restoration Movement in this country, this would be as good as any. The Christian Association was not actually a church, and did not intend to be, but it led to the first "Campbellite" congregation at Brush Run, only a few miles away, 13 months later.

Thomas Campbell had no intention of starting a party, but we all know that many a party has started unintentionally. His purpose was to put an end to partyism, to encourage the various denominations to unite upon the Bible alone. He and his followers had formed an Association, the purpose of which was to be a unity effort among the established churches. It appears that he made no effort to get people to leave their churches, but to work with him for peace and unity. But it did not and could not work that way. Mr. Campbell had himself disassociated himself from the established church. Many of his followers were likewise disenchanted with their churches, and they walked off and left them, finding their spiritual strength in Campbell's unity movement. Too, there were many who belonged to no church, but who found in Thomas Campbell's movement the answer to their spiritual needs. So Mr. Campbell had a church on his hands whether he recognized it as such or not.

The next step was to arrange for a place for their meetings. A log cabin was erected on the farm of a man named Sinclair, some three miles from Mount Pleasant, which served as a school as well as meetinghouse. Near the meetinghouse was the residence of a Mr. Welch, a farmer who was friendly to the work of the Association. He provided a quiet

room upstairs for Mr. Campbell's use, and it was here that the *Declaration and Address* was written during the summer of 1809. The house still stands, and a tourist can see from the road the window of the room where Mr. Campbell wrote his famous document. The owner of the property is a Roman Catholic, but he is sufficiently aware of the historical significance of his home, and is cooperative with visitors who come around, and there are many.

The document was intended for the outsider. It was to be a clear and definite statement as to the objectives of the Movement. A committee of the Association had ruled that such a statement should be prepared, and when the committee listened to the reading of it from Mr. Campbell on September 7, 1809, they ordered that it be published immediately.

While Thomas Campbell was writing the *Declaration and Address*, his son, Alexander, was on the high seas, bringing the Campbell family to America. While his father was writing the essay, young Alexander, then only 21, was composing a poem, in which he said:

Thus while we wander through the mighty deep
Some foreign clime, some distant shore to seek,
These mighty scenes our wond'ring minds engage,
Too great to tell, or for th' historic page.
But let us still that Power, that Goodness love,
That rules o'er all below and all above;
Each of his creatures move at His command
In the great sea, or on the spacious land.

Alexander Campbell arrived in New York with his family on September 29, 1809. On the only Sunday he was in the city before heading west, he hurried to hear Dr. John Mason preach, a man who was then urging the Presbyterians to make the Lord's Supper central in their assemblies and to observe it with more frequency. It is noteworthy that the focal point in the thinking of the Campbells in these early days was the Lord's Supper. The question of immersion came later.

Moving on to Philadelphia the family arranged for the long and arduous journey to Washington, 350 miles to the west, by wagon. They moved out into the frontier, a veritable wilderness, across the precipitous Alleghenies, to a new home and a destiny carved by Providence. That destiny found its essence in the *Declaration and Address*, a document now being set in type, awaiting the printer and awaiting the eyes of Alexander Campbell.

Along the way, while resting at an Inn in the valley of the Alleghenies, Alexander stole away into the forest, virtually untouched by man, luxuriating in the glorious beauty of his new home. As he ranged through the deep, untrodden glades and paused beneath the

canopy of verdure, his heart overflowed with gratitude and reverence. God had saved him from a death at sea and from religious stagnation in the Old World. He was a new creature in a new world. He was soon to write an important chapter in the history of a young nation. The man who then lived in the White House, a name then barely known to Alexander, would one day hail him as the greatest expositor of the scriptures in the land. Thomas Jefferson had finished his work as President, and had ridden horseback to his native Monticello. Alexander Campbell was just beginning his, moving on by wagon to Washington, to Bethany, to the world, and to history. None of us should ever travel that way, the route of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, without thinking of those days.

History seems to provide flashbacks of its more impressive moments. As Campbell moved west to meet his father he met a tall young man dressed in black, riding horseback. He was erect and graceful like a general. As he passed he studied Alexander carefully, tipped his hat, and rode on. The night before he had met Thomas Campbell at an Inn back west, and was profoundly impressed with his wisdom and goodness. Since Mr. Campbell was riding to meet his family, this graceful young man realized it was the Campbell family he had met.

The young man was Adamson Bentley, an influential Baptist minister of Ohio, who was destined to be the man who introduced the primitive gospel to the Western Reserve, influenced as he was by the work of the Campbells.

Once united after a separation of two years and comfortably situated in Washington, Pennsylvania, Thomas and Alexander Campbell shared their experiences and exchanged notes on their intellectual pilgrimage. Their thinking about the evils of sectarianism, the unity of all Christians based on the Lordship of Christ, and the vagaries of the clergy were strikingly similar. Alexander was surprised to learn, however, that his father had withdrawn from the Presbyterians and already had a unity movement underway.

The page-proofs on the *Declaration and Address* were coming from the printer in installments. So eager was Alexander to read his father's "Magna Charter" that he perused the proofs as they came from the printer even before Mr. Campbell could mark the corrections.

When he read the third proposition, page 48, as he himself recollected forty years later, he turned to his father and asked, *How about the precedent for the sprinkling of infants?*

His father equivocated. But Alexander Campbell was not to equivocate.

The *Declaration and Address* had won its first and most important victory, even before it reached the press.

(We intend this to be an extended study of the *Declaration and Address,* point by point and principle by principle. It will occupy us throughout this Volume 11. Next month: *The Great Motto*: "*Where the Scriptures Speak, We Speak*; and *Where the Scriptures Are Silent*,

We Are Silent." At year's end this volume will be issued in book form under the title *Renewal through Recovery.* You may reserve a copy now, but send no money.—*the Editor)*

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RESPONSE FROM READERS

I continue to find the articles interesting and very timely. Have referred to many of the issues and u&ed them in dialogue groups which I attend.—*Connecticut*

A friend sent me a complimentary subscription to your fine publication last year for which I shall be forever grateful. Nothing has restored my faith in "religion" as the restoration concept that you and some of your contributors so courageously expound. May you continue this intelligent approach—hence unity.—*Texas*

The Church of Christ brotherhood needs to learn about love among itself before it will ever be a force for promoting love among other people. Right here in ..... we have six Church of Christ churches with three or four different branches or segments represented. Each brand does not fellowship the others. To me this is a shame and it bothers me greatly. —*Arkansas*

Thank you for teaching on love of the brethren.—*Tennessee (a subscriber for 17 years)*

Risky Business

I should like to renew my subscription to *Restoration Review* for a period of ten (10) years. My personal check in amount of 10.00 is enclosed. Thank you and God bless you.—*Louisiana*

While our plans are to continue our publication efforts as long as God provides, it is still risky to subscribe for ten years in advance. When our time runs out, we will make no effort to return such money. So those who are as gracious as our Louisiana brother, who may not receive all they pay for, will be prepared to consider anything left over as a contribution to our efforts. Who knows but what the Lord will gram ten more years of this sort of thing. We all should grow a lot in that time. Anyway we appreciate the confidence. —*Ed.*

WE APPRECIATE THE RESPONSE

In our last number we suggested that our readers might help us increase the circulation of *Restoration Review.* The response has been most gratifying, with hundreds of new subscriptions coming in! We thank you, and we shall seek to be worthy of the confidence. Others of you may wish to send us a list of names, at only 50 cents for a year's, subscription if six or more. This is a good time to send your friends *Restoration Review,* for in this volume we are dealing with principles of restoration drawn from both the scriptures and history.

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The Quest of God, the bound volume of this paper for 1968, will be ready in early Spring. It is only 3.00. You should order your copy now, but you need send no money. We will bill you when we send the book.

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BOOK NOTES

The Lord's Supper by Warren Lewis is definitely one of the most provocative pieces to come forth from a Church of Christ press. We regret that it has been taken off the market and existing copies destroyed. We will not attempt to pass judgment on why this happened. It is enough to say that both the book and the author have been rejected by the powers that be. While the Lord's Supper is central in Church of Christ theology, this book does not say what is usually said, though it says very much indeed, and has therefore met with cool reception. We have been fortunate enough to get a few dozen copies. There will be no more, unless somebody resolves to republish it, which ought to be. They are 1.00 each on a first come, first serve basis. 94 pages.

Believer in Hell by Wesley C. Baker is a book on the nature of depression. "Depression is defenselessness, hopelessness, horror of the child who still suffers in the adult. At its deepest it means losing all meaning of life and breaking of all human contacts." It discusses brooding, self-deception, defeat, and insulation as children of depression. It gives important insights into such problems as worry and cynicism. It observes, for instance, that even though worry is admitted by all to be irrational, it is rational people

who worry the most. The author has counseled with patients in mental hospitals. The book is a message to the depressed mind. 4.75.

Sex and Sanity by S. B. Babbage is a helpful volume for those who have been disturbed by the new morality, for it is a straightforward defense of established Christian principles. He sees "rediscovery of faith" as the answer to problems like homosexuality, promiscuity and divorce. He is sometimes amusing, observing that in our time "Beware of sex" has given way to "Hurrah for sex." His chapters on homosexuality and promiscuity are most informative. He writes pungently, such as: "Petting becomes a Frankenstein which the creator can no longer manage." Paperback and only 1.45.

The Threshold of Christianity by L. E. Toombs is a treatment of what happened between the Old and New Testaments. It is a study of the "silent centuries" from the close of the prophets to the coming of Christ. It tells about a lot of subjects one should know about: the apocrypha, Philo Judaeus, the Dead Sea sect, the Maccabees. It is short, sweet, and informative. 96 pages and only 1.50.

We have frequently mentioned *The Practical Use of the Greek New Testament* by Kenneth Wuest, and our readers keep buying it. You do not have to know Greek or have any intentions of making a serious study of it. The author believes that the neglect of the Greek New Testament is one of the tragedies in the history of the church, and he tries to help this condition by giving the nontechnical reader some valuable insights. 3.25.

There is increasing interest in Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German theologian who was shot by Hitler. It is believed that he has much to say to our time, part of what he said coming from a concentration camp, smuggled out by the underground. *Life in One's Stride* is a study of his life and thought, by that able writer Kenneth Hamilton. Only 1.45 in paperback.

We recommend three books by William Barclay, and we'll send you all of them for 7.00. They are *The Promise of the Spirit,* a study of every passage in the N. T. on the Holy Spirit; *Many Witnesses, One Lord,* a work designed to show the unity of the New Testament; and *Turning to God,* a study of the conversions in the book of Acts and today.

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